

• Abroad •

Moscow. Soviet press coverage of the UN Assembly meeting is rather like the nineteenth-century treatment of a journey to central Africa or the deserts of Araby. Nikita Khrushchev is the intrepid explorer plunging boldly into the jungle (or desert) of New York, described, à la Conrad, as "the heart of capitalism." Apart from our hero, only dim figures of beasts and barbarians people the landscape. Each day, *Pravda's* front page focuses on the latest photograph of Nikita, and its columns swell with his ringing words. "It is the awareness of his lofty duty," the editorialist opines, "the confidence in the righteousness of the noble cause he is championing in the interests of all mankind, plus the tremendous and unflinching faith that hundreds of millions have in the sane wisdom of the USSR's policy of peace, that is the source of the infectious optimism, the ebullience and the calm and sagacious confidence of the head of the Soviet government." Furtive natives, darting from the shadows, dropped messages at his doorstep: "God is against capitalism. Russia is also against it. I love Russia."

London. Heather Firbank, daughter of a wealthy English family, renowned Edwardian beauty, and sister of the novelist, Ronald Firbank, was one of the most lavishly dressed women of her day. In 1921, when she was 33, she suddenly had virtually her entire wardrobe as of that moment locked into 24 trunks, which were never opened again until a short time ago, after her death. The contents make an unprecedented and complete collection, which has just been put on display at the Victoria & Albert Museum. The color of the dresses and accessories is predominantly violet (actually "heather," apparently in a play on her own name), which, according to the museum's costume specialist, makes them "just right" for this autumn's London fashions.

Paris. The twenty-one defendants, mostly students, in the trial of the Jeanson network not merely propagandized for the FLN side in the Algerian revolt, but actively aided the FLN and its terrorist agents in France by collecting funds, giving shelter, acting as couriers, etc. They invoked the tradition of the wartime Resistance—with the difference, seemingly overlooked, that this time the partisan operation is directed against their own government, not an enemy army of occupation. The leader, Professor Francis Jeanson, colleague of Jean-Paul Sartre, skipped the country, and has let his young followers take the rap while he cools off abroad. The widening gulf in French society is shown by the manifesto of the 121 intellectuals—among them Sartre himself, Françoise Sagan, Simone Signoret and other well-known figures—to which new names are being added daily, and which is defended without being signed by shrewder operators like Claude Bourdet (*L'Observateur*) and Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber (*L'Express*). Entitled, "Declaration on the

Right of Disobedience in the Algerian War," the key paragraph reads: "We respect, and consider justified, the refusal to take up arms against the Algerian people; we respect, and consider justified, the conduct of Frenchmen who deem it their duty to give aid and protection to the Algerians, oppressed in the name of the French people." No proof of de Gaulle's failure to achieve national unity could be clearer than this public incitement to treason.



"I just met the Adorable Snowman!"
Carrefour

Oxford. Bertrand Russell has taken public leadership of the group that is pressing the very active Nuclear Disarmament movement to shift its campaign tactics to individual and mass civil disobedience. He has proposed to resign from the executive committee (and thereby provoke a split) if a majority fails to support him.

Hamburg. During the postwar years an astounding commercial licentiousness has appeared in a number of the major European cities, particularly in the north. London's Soho is crowded with "clubs" where complex stripteases are blazoned on outside posters. The recent law forbidding street solicitation has merely turned London's thousands of prostitutes into call girls, who offer their wares, with recognized code words for specialties, on cards posted in shop windows, and in "The Ladies Directory," which its publisher, Frederick Shaw, named after an eighteenth-century forerunner. Copenhagen is notorious as a homosexual mecca; Amsterdam, for new dimensions of heterosexuality. Hamburg's most flagrant area is located along streets ironically called, from days when craftsmen could work there without guild restrictions, "Greater Freedom" and "Lesser Freedom." Every imaginable excess and perversion—flagellants clad in the traditional high black boots, transvestist and Lesbian cabarets, nude women "wrestling in mud"—can be found, along with the routine merchandise of vice.

Copyright of National Review Bulletin is the property of National Review Inc. and its content may not be copied or emailed to multiple sites or posted to a listserv without the copyright holder's express written permission. However, users may print, download, or email articles for individual use.